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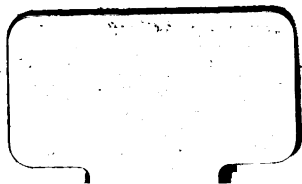
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J. H. 1825 ✓

HYMNS

FOR

PRIVATE DEVOTION

FOR THE

SUNDAYS AND SAINTS' DAYS

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.



BY

THE REV. SAMUEL RICKARDS, M.A.

CURATE OF ULCOMBE,
AND LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

" Verum de Poetica adhuc levius omnino et humilias, quam ejus dignitas postulat, existimabimus, nisi eo demum convertamus animos, unde ejus magnitudo maxime elucet; nisi eam in sacris versantem, et Religioni ministrantem contemplemur."—LOWTH.

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MDCCCXXV.

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PREFACE.

WHOEVER has looked with any degree of attention upon the state of religion in this country, must have observed that among persons who hold and love equally the same truths, there is yet a wide difference in the manner in which they exhibit them to the world. The writer does not allude to any of those uncharitable and odious distinctions, which, instead of clearness, have produced only confusion, and almost every other evil work in the Church of Christ; but he simply means to say, that of really good and holy men, some recommend piety by the mode in which they show it, and some disfigure it; in the one sort it

looks like pure gold, in the other, one might almost mistake gold for dross. His own station in life has given him some opportunity, and made it his duty, to remark carefully upon this difference; and among many other causes which contribute to keep it alive, he has thought he perceived that none had a stronger effect than the character of our hymns and religious poetry in general. Much in this way that is written with taste, is without devotion; and more of that which has devotion is without taste; and what is worse, is destitute of that train of thinking and connected meditation which is necessary to feed and sustain such a habit of religion, as will enable us to look impiety calmly in the face, and to put to shame by the consciousness of truth those who are irreligious, chiefly because they are thoughtless.

The writer having observed this vast influence which religious poetry has upon the minds of

many, wished earnestly to see the defect supplied; and from wishing in vain to see others do it, he came at last to attempt it himself. He felt the more encouraged to do so, because it appears obvious, that scarce any one has taken pains, at least constant pains, in works of this sort. In most collections, one hymn of sound seriousness is buried in twenty of nothing better than serious sound. He does not therefore scruple to say, that he has taken pains; even though there should seem but little evidence of this in the work itself.

With respect to the matter of the following little pieces, it was suggested generally by the collects in the book of Common Prayer for the Sundays and Saints' Days throughout the year. Often there is scarcely a thought introduced beyond the matter which the collect itself contains; but more frequently that is taken merely as a clue and guide to the course of meditation

pursued. By this means, the writer thought two good ends would be gained; the substance of each hymn could scarcely be otherwise than useful and edifying; and at the same time it would have that connection with our Church Service, which might possibly make its beautiful petitions better understood, more attended to, and used with greater fervour and devotion.

The hymns for the Saints' Days usually take a freer course; and go out into one or two allusions to such events in their lives, as point out their characters more specifically, and render their examples more determinately instructive. And for fear lest these holy men should be even more overlooked than they are at present, the hymns in commemoration of them are arranged as orderly as may be with those for the Sundays. And though this arrangement will often put some of them slightly out of place;

yet this inconvenience may be well endured, if only it helps to bring their examples more before men's eyes, and so more into their tempers and practice.

The writer will readily be believed, when he says, that he does not give the present little work to the world as an exhibition of talent, though it has been a task of much pleasant labour; he has a much higher object in view, which is the only one he is very anxious about—and that is, to inculcate and cherish such pure and sound Christian views and feelings as may be the comfort of many good men, and can be the scorn of none but bad ones. If it is calculated to promote this great design, sensible and pious men will find it out, and the writer humbly prays that the blessing of God may then rest upon it; but if it has no

such tendency, he trusts both piety and sense will soon induce him to be among the first to wish that it may be but little known and soon forgotten.

Ulcombe, Feb. 25, 1825.

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H Y M N S.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

For Conversion from Sin.

GREAT God of power, whose workings naught can stay,
Aid our weak efforts, and direct them right ;
All sin's dark-loving deeds to cast away,
And put on, as behoves, the arms of light ;—
Those arms the happy Spirits of Heaven invest,
Forming the panoply that keeps them blest,
That guards frail man through the besetting strife
Which tempests mortal life,
From Hell's insidious practices ne'er free ;

As once the incarnate Son himself did prove,
When he forsook those radiant courts above,
The star-paved firmament, the sapphire throne,
The happy-making Spirit that rests thereon ;
And emptying himself fallen man to save,
Infinite example gave
Of lowliest humility :—
That when he comes at the last judgment day,
Girt with all heaven's magnificent array ;
When the archangel's blast, with piercing sound,
Shall wake the myriads that sleep under ground ;
We then with bodies glorified may rise,
Rejoin our spirits, fit inmates for the skies,
Through Christ's blest intercession ever free,
To drink the joys of immortality ;
Passing from this world's darkness and distress,
To heaven's unsullied light and unchanged blessedness.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

For Devotion to God's Service.

Ask ye, what charm the saint could move

So cheerfully to part from all ?

It was the energy of love

That edged each word of Jesus' call,

Made to the heart its rapid way

And won like love without delay.

No conference with flesh could be,

No doubts he heeds, no ties will own,

In veriest simplicity

He hears no voice but Christ's alone :

Such happy faith meek heart doth bless,

Child-like without its waywardness :

Yes, he, plain-hearted fisherman,
Curbs habit's most unyielding bent;
The mind which late on this world ran
Looks heaven-ward; and with keen intent
To urge the self-same trade again,
He fishes—but for souls of men.

Grant, Lord, through like blest influence
We all may rise, as called by thee,
May mortify each earthly sense
And yield ourselves obediently,
To walk by thy most holy word,
Staid followers of our rightful Lord!

Oh, might our bosoms only know
True love's pure, steady, glowing flame,
Safe through life's scenes we then might go,
Our hearts but changed, our tasks the same;
The meanest toils our hands might play,
Great aims would thoroughly sanctify.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

For the right understanding of the Scriptures.

BLEST Lord, who for thy people's weal,
The light of scripture didst reveal,
Inspiring holy men of old,
To teach as thy good spirit told,
That darkling mortals so might see,
The path to blessedness and thee ;
And discipline by such controul
For happier scenes the lapsed soul ;
Oh, grant us grace in faith and fear,
Humbly those precious truths to hear ;
To read them still by day and night,
To mark them close, and learn them right,
That known, well-learned, and understood,
Our spirits may eat angel's food ;
And nurtured in great thoughts, at length
Reach an unfaltering, ghostly strength,

To embrace the hope and hold it fast
 Of endless life when this is past ;
 That hope which stays the sinking heart,
 As in swift race our years depart,
 And tells us, who in Jesus die
 But sleep ; so bids us sweetly lie,
 Waiting the day, that bursts the sod,
 And manifests the sons of God.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

For the success of the Gospel.

LORD JESU CHRIST, who once descending here,
 Where Satan erst in ampler prowess trod ;
 Didst send in might of truth thy messenger
 To clear meet entrance for the incarnate God !
 Grant, that the stewards of thy mysteries,
 Thy ministers, may so prepare thy way,

That men's revolted hearts made meekly wise,
May learn thy Gospel truth, and learned obey;
That when, ere long, in judgment thou shalt come,
The endless doom of all men to award,
We then may rise unspotted from our tomb,
And find acceptance in thy sight, O Lord,
Who with the spirit and the Father One
Livest and reign'st the co-eternal Son.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

For succour against Temptations.

RAISE up, O Lord, thy latent power,
Ourselves to arm, our foes to quell;
Stand at our right hand in their hour,
And ransom us from earth and hell!
Though we ourselves are prone to sin,
And truth but ill maintains its force;

Though foes without join foes within,
To thwart us in our heaven-ward course ;
Yet thou art still Almighty, Lord !

Oh, make us conquerors through thy grace,
Each dark temptation skilled to ward,
And prompt to urge our Christian race ;
So, Lord, raise up thy power ; we plead
Through him who made our peace with thee,
Him, who vouchsafed for us to bleed,
And set us bondaged sinners free.

SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

For Increase and Confirmation of our Faith.

From earliest down to latest days,
And oft through dark mysterious ways,
Proceeds the Almighty's plan,
Each separate stage of old he sees,
And orders all by just degrees
To rescue fallen man.

" I will not hear such unheard things,
" So like enthusiast wanderings,"
The faithless Thomas cried ;
" The wondrous tale I will not trust,
" Except I see the wounds, and thrust
" My hand into his side."

O'er their true hearts blank horror crept,
Haply for very grief they wept,
To hear the sceptic speech ;—
Those words their simple souls so pain'd,
By thee, wise God, were pre-ordained
Long after times to teach.

The Saviour heard ; when all were there,
The doors being shut for very fear,
He came a viewless road ;
'Twas Jesus self that Thomas saw,
As thrilled with joy and shame and awe,
He cried—" my Lord, my God !"

Oh, teach us, gracious God, to improve
Such marv'llous tokens of thy love !

That thence of faith serene,
We may be of those blessed few,
Who loving first thy will to do,
Believe yet have not seen.

His doubts shall hinder ours ; the light
Which brought him back, shall keep us right,
And all misgivings clear ;
Assured that Christ is risen indeed,
We'll look to rise with him ; hence freed
From death's life-bittering fear.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

For Renovation.

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm ;
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn
Shall check our jubilee ;
Bright is the day when Christ was born,
No sun need shine but he ;
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,
With love of him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,
Fancy is on the wing ;
It seems as to mine ear it brought
Those voices carolling,
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,
Glory to God, goodwill to man.

I see the shepherds gazing wild
At those fair spirits of light ;
I see them bending o'er the child
With that untold delight
Which marks the face of those who view
Things but too happy to be true.

There in the lowly manger laid
Incarnate God they see,
He stoops to take through spotless maid
Our frail humanity ;

Son of high God, creation's heir,
He leaves his heaven to raise us there.

Through him, Lord, we are born anew,
Thy children once again,
Oh, day by day, our hearts renew,
That thine we may remain ;
And angel-like, may all agree,
One sweet and holy family.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come
To speak our Saviour's love,
Oh, may it bear our spirits home
Where he now reigns above ;
That day which brought him from the skies
So man restores to paradise.

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm ;
E'en in thy sombrestr wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY.

For Grace to Love our Enemies.

GRANT, Lord, in all the sufferings which we bear
In this bad world, to make thy gospel known,
We still may look towards heaven, beholding there
The untold glories treasured round thy throne
For thy true saints, who firmly persevere
And serve thee to the end : so from above
Filled with divinest virtues, may we learn
With meek-enduring charity to love
Our veriest foes, and quite them in return
Only with blessing. Thus may we discern
The lore Saint Stephen's blest example gave,
Who, whilst pursued with persecuting hate,
Strove yet those murderers' ruthless souls to save,
And prayed thee, Jesus, to compassionate
Their ignorance ; thee, who all sufferers have
A sheltering guard from man, with God sure advocate.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

For the holy Catholic Church.

FOUNTAIN of life and light divine,
Shine, Lord, with holiest radiance shine,
And from thy presence pure and bright,
Cast round thy church perpetual light
To cheer our darkling minds ; that we,
Taught by thy spirit inwardly,
And with sound doctrine guided on
From truth to truth by blest Saint John,
With cheerful feet along may press
The track of life's rough wilderness,
And in thy countenance's gladdening rays,
Spend peaceful nights and useful days,
Each waxing brighter than before,
And brighter still for evermore ;
Till we shall pass in Jesus' right,
To the land of everlasting light.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

For Purity and Constancy.

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose power with ease can raise,
From meanest instruments the noblest praise,
Which equally controuls the great and small,
To thine own glory still disposing all,
And thus did turn the murderer's blind intents,
Strength to ordain from martyred Innocents ;
Make us, good Lord, determined to thy will,
Each latent vice within our bosoms kill ;
Plant there mild Christian virtues in their stead,
And make our hearts in grace established.
So may our lives serene and spotless be
Blest patterns of child-like simplicity ;
And our calm death, be it in age or youth,
By faithful constancy adorn thy truth ;
That, dead or living, we may still afford
Praise to thy holy name, through Christ our Lord.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

For restoration to the Divine image.

Oh for a psalm of everlasting praise
 To chaunt, great God, thy love to thankless man!
 That love which from the dust his form did raise,
 Rich with a soul his Maker's work to scan,
 And view Thee present through the all-perfect plan!
 So thy great master-piece on earth he stood,
 While all his days 'mid fields of pleasure ran;
 The Tree of Life gave him immortal food,
 And every thought he knew, was happy, wise, and good.

Yet such stupendous love was none, compar'd
 With that exceeding grace in Jesus shown;
 When to redeem the Almighty arm was bared,
 And wrought salvation—work for God alone;
 When thine own Son forsook his Father's throne,
 Took our frail nature of the spotless maid,
 And came on work of mercy to his own;

Content to be rejected and betray'd,
So his betrayers' sins on his meek head were laid !

Vouchsafe, O Lord, now that dread work is past,
And man redeemed, its blessings we may prove,
Grant that our hearts, in heavenly mould recast,
May bear sweet impress of such matchless love,
And after idols never more may rove ;
Oh, grant, that once again adopted thine,
Our wills subservient to thy will may move,
Till rich in works of Christian faith we shine,
And sweetly lead on earth once more the life divine.

Thus day by day our happy souls renew'd
Shall toil, blest work, thine image to regain ;
And view thee present as in Eden view'd ;
Hence shall they quit them fair of sinful stain,
And with it quit sin's fast companion—pain ;
So shall thy Spirit our endeavours seal,
And keep us safe till Christ our Master reign ;
And we then faithful found, with loyal zeal
Shall evermore his praise in hallelujahs peal.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

Against worldly and sinful lusts.

MIGHTY God, whose blessed Son,
Nor sin had thought, nor evil done,
Who mad'st him yet on mercy's plan,
Obedient to the law for man,
And bad'st, though pure and undefil'd
To circumeise the holy child ;
Help us, like him, to circuncise
Our heart, where foul corruption lies,
That every carnal lust within,
May own thy Spirit's power o'er sin,
That every thought to ill allied,
Abhorred, corrected, mortified,
Our renovated minds may more
This world's bad passions far above,
And our whole souls spontaneously
Turn with unrivalled love to thee ;
In Jesus' name these prayers we make,
Hear them, great God, for Jesus' sake.

THE EPIPHANY, OR THE MANIFESTATION OF
CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

For an increase of faith and hope,

Good God, who by the guidance of a star,
Mad'st their Redeemer to the heathen known;
And lead'st those eastern sages from afar
To pay glad offerings to the incarnate Son;
With equal tenderness O Lord, look down
On his poor followers now; who through faith's glass
With weak endeavour still to know thee try;
That, this life ended, we may surely pass,
Where we shall know and love thee perfectly;
And through our Saviour's merits ever find,
In contemplating thee, sweet rest and peace of mind.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

For an increase of knowledge and obedience.

LORD, who hast taught us to believe,
Thy saints can never ask in vain ;
Receive with mercy, Lord, receive,
This prayer made o'er and o'er again ;
Grant us all, ignorant though we be,
However circumscribed our view,
We yet may each distinctly see,
What things our duty is to do :
And having these once clear in sight,
Within us shed such grace abroad,
That all we know with all our might
We may fulfil, through Christ our Lord.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

For the peace of God.

O GOD, whose power doth know no bound,
Whose years their everlasting round
From age to age run on ;
Who orderest each event to flow,
Of things above and things below,
By mandates from thy throne.

Oh let thine ever blest controul,
Bid this world's course still onward roll
A calm and quiet pace ;
Let earth from sin's dominion free,
Once more a holy image be,
Of Heaven thy dwelling-place.

And let thy countenance's cheering rays
Light up thy servant's earthly days
With sweet prosperity ;
But chiefly through our blessed Lord,
Within our bosoms shed abroad,
A spiritual peace with thee.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

For God's help and protection.

ETERNAL God, in whose Almighty hand
All power in heaven and earth for ever lies ;
Pity thine helpless servants, and command
Meet aid to succour our infirmities ;
And oft, when Satan lures to mischief tries,
And ghostly foes are gathering round our way,
Send some peace-whispering guardian from the skies
To tell our hearts that thou art still our stay ;
So will we never faint in trial's darkest day.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

For thankfulness answerable to our Privileges.

O God ! each thing bespeaks thy power
Alike if little or if great ;
The eternal hills, the transient flower,
God's finger only could create :
But would we see thy strength display'd,
Thee in Almightyness array'd,
'Tis when man's passions fiercest roll,
And thou with silent sway still rul'st the infuriate soul.

With mind on deadliest purpose set,
Full armed to seize a helpless prey ;
While pride and power his vengeance whet,
The zealot held his hasty way ;
Light as he coursed Damascus' plain,
His fancy, wrought to high disdain,
Anticipates the ruthless deed,
And sees each Christian heart, its crimson torrent bleed.

Man's sternest purposes—how slight !
Sudden,—as swift he journeyed on,
Glared forth above a startling light,
More dazing than the mid-day sun !
A clear voice mild yet piercing came ;
Instant his fiery heart grew tame,—
Saul, Saul, why persecut'st thou me ?
Struck conscience knew the voice, and Lord, he kneels
to thee !

Reason the blessed change approves,
His ears have heard, his eyes have seen ;
The more he raged, the more he loves,
His faith grows clear, his mind serene,
His great heart deals its influence
In streams of holiest eloquence,
Herald of gospel lore he goes,
Upholding truth's faint friends, shaming her mightiest
foes.

Lord, grant that we thy servants now,
Remembering this so strange event,

Confirmed in Christian faith may grow,
Patterns of truth like eminent !
Still more our thankfulness may tell,
By loving truth, and doing well ;
Exemplars bright of what he taught,
Living in this ill world, as Jesus' followers ought !

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

For strength and protection.

O God, who know'st thy people stand,
'Midst mortal foes on either hand ;
Now threatened fiercely, now beset
With this world's bait in Satan's net ;
And yet amid these wily elves,
So weak they be, and frail themselves,
That left to such unequal fight
They can't maintain their souls upright !
Grant us in thee, when tempted, Lord,
An arm to strike, a shield to ward,

To stand 'mid danger's utmost press,
Unmoved in Christian manfulness,
Faint in ourselves yet firm in thee,
And bold through mere humility :
Hence may we learn to count it joy,
When Satan tempts, or cares annoy,
To pass from all that we endure,
Confirmed in grace, by proof more pure ;
So for Christ's sake requite our pray'r,
And with thy strength our strength upbear.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,
COMMONLY CALLED THE PURIFICATION OF
SAINT MARY.

For dedication of heart to God.

GREAT God ! whose undisputed sway
Is seen in all that we survey,
From age to age it still appears
The same through lapse of countless years.

While generations come and die,
Thou liv'st in unchanged Majesty,
With open and unsparing hand
Perpetual fruits of goodness giving,
Through every time, o'er every land
Like merciful to all things living.

Immense thy love! but this the crown
Of all, when Christ thy Son came down
The covenant's glad Messenger
To us lost creatures, darkling here,
And entered the plain Temple's gate,
To his great work there consecrate;
And whilst old men of pageants brave
That decked the former house were telling,
His brighter glory came, and gave
An unknown splendour to that dwelling.

Then, aged saint, thy sight though dim,
Instant grew bright beholding him,
Glazed o'er with years, old Simeon's eye
One moment showed most brilliantly ;

For as he saw the lovely child,
He saw his heart's long hopes fulfill'd—
“Thy servant, Lord, departs in peace!”
He cried, “O joy to every nation!
“Thy word is true—my soul release,
“For I have seen thy great salvation!”

Thou took'st our nature; Lord, incline,
Us mortal men, to aspire to thine;
Help us, from choice to give to thee
Our souls in infant purity;
Teach in life's earliest childish days,
Our tottering feet to tread thy ways;
And as they strengthen, strengthen too
Efforts of goodness, heav'n-ward tending;
Still the bright pathway to pursue
Step after step to thee ascending!

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

For the peace and edification of the Church.

O LORD, whose love still follows those,
Whose hearts are consecrate to thee ;
Keep with good care, O keep thine house,
The church in genuine piety,
In true religion edified,
And by each storm but better tried.

Thus may all those who simply rest
Upon thy grace in evil hour ;
In that simplicity be blest,
And feel sure anchor in thy power,
While hell's black tempests round us roar,
In Jesus safe for evermore.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

For purity.

O God, whose ever-blessed Son,
On this dark world awhile was shown,
That hell's vile works destroyed for ever,
By his stupendous powers' endeavour,
He might make us through that dread strife,
Bright heirs of everlasting life;
Grant, as we tread our heav'n-ward road,
We now may feel like sons of God;
And stayed on this eternal hope,
With our worst foes may boldly cope,
Still labouring on, of victory sure,
To cleanse ourselves, as Christ is pure:
That so in our graves, when we hear at last,
The archangel's shout and the trumpet's blast
We may spring from our dwellings dark and hoary,
To realms of light, and thrones of glory;

Like him, all-glorious within,
Without all bright and glistering,
To live on high, through his blest merits,
Pure, everlasting, happy spirits,
Joying for ever round thy throne
O Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
And worshipping the blessed Three,
Holy, holy, holy Trinity.

THE SUNDAY CALLED SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY,
THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

For remission of sin and punishment.

Look, O Lord, in mercy down,
Still thine erring people own
When they make their lowly prayer,
Though by us so oft forgot,
Leave, good Lord, oh, leave us not
To well merited despair.

We are all but sinful dust,
All thy chastisements are just ;
We can lift our guilty head,
To allege one only plea,
Deep as we have wounded thee—
Christ, who suffered in our stead.

Oh for his great sacrifice,
Let our prayers accepted rise,
Be our sins as if undone ;
He who for those sins has bled,
Ever lives to intercede,
And loves ever to atone.

So as ages roll along,
Love shall tune a grateful song,
Swelling everlastingly ;
Praising him on earth who died,
High in heaven now glorified,
One with the eternal Three.

THE SUNDAY CALLED SEXAGESIMA, THE SECOND
SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

For defence against adversity.

O LORD, thou know'st our helpless state,
For what we are thou didst create
From the mere dust of earth ;
And we ourselves are conscious too,
That all is naught whate'er we do,
Our service of no worth.

Yet, Lord, thine own Almightyness,
The feeblest things can strangely bless,
And make them strong in thee ;
Ah, then, for Jesus' sake afford
Thine help to succour us, O Lord,
From all adversity.

Let this world's storms then round us roll,
Let dark temptations shake the soul,
And prove how weak we are ;
Still in our worst extremity,
We'll shew how strong frail men may be,
Who rest upon thy care.

THE SUNDAY CALLED QUINQUAGESIMA, THE
NEXT SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

For Charity.

Good God, of love immense, whose word hath taught,
That man's poor works from taint of sin ne'er free,
Are all of none avail, except as wrought,
From one pure motive, blessed charity,—
Unfeigned love to man, unbounded love to thee !

Send, Lord, O send that heavenly influence
Which thy good spirit only can impart
To our now fallen spirits; and far from thence
Bid selfish feelings evermore depart,
Implanting in their stead sweet purposes of heart.

That living principle shall nourish there
The mild, yet firmest bond of goodness—peace;
Thence, too, each Christian grace and virtue fair
Shall ripen into plentiful increase,
And love begin on earth, in heaven which shall not
cease:

Such love shall prove us thine: for well we know
Each soul without it in thy sight is dead;
But if that seed divine within us grow,
'Twill make us followers of him who bled
That man might live, who bore thy vengeance in our
stead.

THE FIRST DAY OF LENT, COMMONLY CALLED
ASH WEDNESDAY.

For Penitence and Pardon.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who ne'er can'st hate
Aught thine own blessed hands create,
And when thy wandering people strive
To mourn their wanderings, dost forgive ;
Again exert a Maker's part,
Make us a new and contrite heart ;
And while as sinners we confess,
And weep o'er our own wretchedness,
Our soiled souls may grace obtain,
To cleanse them pure from evil stain,
And taste the boundless mercy stor'd,
In Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

For Sanctification.

To ransom man from sin and woe,
To make the wretched blest again ;
The Son of God once dwelt below,
Meek Saviour of the sons of men ;
Cast out in horrid solitude,
He fasted forty days from food,
Vanquished the tempter prince of night,
And taught his followers well, to wield the arms of light.

In vain the soul bold efforts makes,
While our frail sense is unsubdued ;
'Tis holy temperance that breaks
The carnal will, that frets the good :
The spirit with passions overgrown,
Must oft retire, and oft alone,
Like the calm patriarch, at even
Spread contemplation's wings, and waft away to heaven.

Only be with us, Lord ; for thou
Must make our strongest efforts good,
Or stubborn sense will never bow,—
All vainly shall we fast from food,—
Oh, turn such times to means of grace ;
To kill low thoughts, and tempers base,
Till like a field rich blest of thee,
Our minds breathe only thoughts of holiest fragrancv.

Then shall we gladly bow before thee,
And oft on songs of triumph dwell,
So yielding thee best-pleasing glory,
And honor meet—by living well ;
Till fixed in purity of heart,
We shall wax fit, to bear a part
With that seraphic host of light,
Who harp thy praises still, and cease not day nor night.

ST. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

For the Church and its Rulers.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! how blest are they
Whose hearts are only thine,
Whose lives are fashioned by the sway
Of thy mild discipline ;
Meekly they bow their will and find
Whence only flows true peace of mind,
Cent'ring their all in God ;
Whilst men of this world who rebel,
In harsher notes thy power shall tell,
Ruled by thine iron rod.

Unblessed man ! thine avarice
Was untold lost to thee !
“ What will ye give,” quoth he, the price
Of purposed treachery ?

Thirty vile pieces hardly given,
Bought his mean soul, and bartered heaven!
But, oh, the horrors there!
His very heart asunder rent!
To death he sold the innocent,
Himself to fixed despair.

Thy purposes, O God, are staid,
Maugre his foul defect,
Unchangeable the promise made,
That comforts thine elect:
No whit of strength thy church shall lose,
A trustier servant God shall chuse
To fill that vacant seat;
The good Matthias proved so well,
The authentic lots responsive tell,
For such high calling meet.

For he in harder times was known
Fast follower of his Lord;
He well could vouch his wonders done,
And quote his living word:

So now in white and lucid stole,
Pure emblem of a purer soul,
At God's blest shrine he stands ;
Effectual prayers he there prefers,
And holy things he ministers,
With clean and holy hands.

O grant, good God, thy church below,
Where other ills abound,
False-hearted teachers ne'er may know,
Within her sacred ground !
Let her be ruled in order due,
By chosen pastors staid and true,
As in good days of old :
Let Jesus all his shepherds guide,
And o'er the flock unseen preside,
Chief pastor of the fold !

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

For God's Providence and Grace.

GREAT source of power ! of wisdom infinite,
Full well thou know'st man's hard but helpless state ;
Our own poor strength unfit for combat quite,
While direst foes for our destruction wait !
Keep, mighty Lord, beneath thy wakeful eye,
While Satan round us prowls,
Our bodies outwardly
And inwardly our souls,
So while hell's ministers about us swarm,
Couched in each varying guise to work us harm,
We still may pass our days, shielded by thee,
In holiest security ;
E'en our frail bodies, fed by thine own hand,
Year after year, vigorous and fresh shall stand,
Glad helpmates of the mind ;
Whilst that consorted so, and fitly enshrined,

Pure from all sensual lust,
Waxing each day more holy, wise, and just,
Shall grow full meet to walk with spirits on high ;
Then these few days of trial gone,
Well borne through faith in God's incarnate Son,
'Twill sweetly pass into a calm eternity.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

For Protection.

O God, in whom alone concentrated lie
The treasures of all power and might ; to thee
In each hard struggle still with humble cry,
And fervent vows thy helpless servants flee,
For wanted aid in their extremity !
Look down, all gracious Lord, and cover us,
Whilst through this perilous wilderness we go,
Still let our Father's hand be over us,
Baffling each bodily or ghostly foe ;
And poor, infirm, unworthy as we are,
Make us for Jesus sake, blest objects of thy care.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

For the comfort of God's grace.

O GOD, whose power, illimitably great,
Is guided still by love commensurate ;
Accept with favour our repentant prayer,
And spare thy people, Lord, in mercy spare ;
And though we know full many an evil deed
Doth cry for vengeance, let thy love exceed
And mitigate thy wrath ; what hope of bliss !
Wert thou extreme to mark what's done amiss ;
Of no deserts thy humbled servants speak,
'Tis pardon, Lord, forgiveness that we seek ;
Let the refreshing dew of spiritual grace,
Softly descending from thy dwelling place,
Recomfort our sad hearts ; bid them be stay'd
On that atonement Jesus Christ has made ;
For 'tis through his almighty power to save,
Thy grace and favour, Lord, we sinners crave.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

That we may be under God's keeping.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! whose power immense
Can work whate'er thy wisdom wills,
Stand forth, thy people's sure defence,
From this world's ever threatening ills.

Guide them, O Lord, to favoured ground,
And on their lot abundance pour ;
There let full streams of goodness round,
Well forth both now and evermore.

So may they dwell in quiet place,
Their bodies by thy care supplied,
Their spirits cheered by his rich grace,
Who for their peace and pardon died.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.

For faith in Christ.

WHILST in the flesh, good Lord, how all obscure
Our intellectual sight !
These eyes too feeble meetly to endure
Truth's pure and vivid light !
The grace thou giv'st asks further bounty still,
Ere we that grace receive ;
'Tis not enough, thou shew'st thy holy will,
We yet need thee to help us to believe !

On softest wing the glowing angel came,
And hailed the lowly maid ;
" Of all the blessed that bear woman's name,
Most blest art thou ;" he said,
" Fear not thou favoured one, for of thy womb,
As elder prophets tell,
The mighty Saviour of mankind shall come,
Thence Jesus fitly named—Emmanuel."

One moment, Mary paused in maiden fear,
Unweeting what might be ;
She could not deem, though Gabriel's self appear,
This was reality !
The next, those doubts were past ; " Behold," she cried,
" The handmaid of the Lord !"
God's will once known, her meek will soon complied,—
" Be it to me according to thy word !"

No sceptic thoughts her simple bosom knew,
Wide ope to sacred light ;
And doubtless the blest spirit soft withdrew
Some veil that dimm'd her sight ;
For evermore 'tis seen, the guileless heart
That truth's sweet vision loves,
Finds special grace, which bids vain doubts depart ;
So truth, less clear, man's love of goodness proves.

Lord help us now with like simplicity,
Vain reasonings to dismiss ;
Assured Christ took our mortal form, that we
Might ever live in his ;

So resting **humbly** on his passion's worth,
Which purchased our release,
May we sojourn at peace with thee on earth,
Subjects ere long of the blest prince of peace.

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

For the benefits of Christ's Resurrection.

GREAT God, whose power unbounded doth extend,
Knew no beginning, and shall know no end ;
Whose tender love for fallen man was such,
As deemed no price that could avail too much
For his recovery ; yea, stupendous plan !
Sent thine own Son to live a suffering man,
And die upon the cross ; that he might be
Our great exemplar of humility :
Grant us thine aid, O Lord, that we may go
Step after step, e'en as he walked below ;

Like him, may we each earthly trial meet,
With patience calm and resignation sweet ;
So at the last, when the great morn shall break,
Like him, may we from death's deep slumbers wake ;
And, for his merits, change our bed of dust,
To swell the bright assemblage of the just.

GOOD FRIDAY.

For the Church of Christ generally.

BEHOLD, good Lord, behold we cry,
This thy lone earthly family ;
That family thine only Son
So tenderly did think upon,
That well-content from heaven he came,
Clad in our meanest mortal frame,
Of his own glory disarray'd ;
To be forsaken and betray'd
By those who but for him had dwelt
In darkness, such as may be felt,

Where lost apostate spirits dwell
In chains of sin, and death, and hell ;—
Ev'n they who trustier love had shown,
Then left their master all alone ;
The shepherd smit, as erst 'twas said,
His timid sheep were scattered.
Prince of heaven's hosts, deserted then,
He stands, the scorn of godless men :
No angry looks his calmness blot,
Revil'd and jeer'd, he answereth not ;
False crimes, false oaths their mouths do fill,
But he is calm and patient still,
Nor utters one excusive word,
All-bent to do thy work, O Lord ;
Hushed as the lamb before the knife,
He meekly yields his votive life,
And to redeem our mighty loss,
At last dies lingering on the cross ;—
Remembering, Lord, his agonies,
Oh, listen to our mercy-cries !
Oh, let our prayers thy pity touch,
For whom thy Son has borne so much ;

And help, good God, us helpless men,
Through him, who passed to heaven again,
There with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Reigns now and everlastingly.

GOOD FRIDAY.

For the Church of Christ more particularly.

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose wisdom infinite
All under heaven's vast canopy does guide ;
By whose blest Spirit's everlasting light
Thy church below is ruled and sanctified ;
Accept, good Lord, the prayers thy people say
For men of all estates and each degree ;
That every Christian man, in several way,
As fits his place, may godlily serve thee ;
Thus may we all in callings high or low,
Adorn by useful lives our doctrine sound ;

And thy true church, though small in outward show,
In fruits of genuine righteousness abound,
And built on Jesus' merits, firmly stand,
The hope of every age, the light of every land.

GOOD FRIDAY.

For all conditions of men.

O GOD, whose all creative hands did make
Man's universal race ; who canst not hate
One single soul that sorrowing doth forsake
His sins once loved ! well pleased to reinstate
Such to thy favour ; Lord, compassionate
All who still wander from the path of bliss ;
The blind Jew lost in mental darkness thick,
The credulous Turk believing all amiss,
The impure Infidel, the proud Heretic,
Poor Lazars all, of sin's worst plagues full sick !

Take from each one the dark obdurate mind,
That scorns through ignorance thy saving word ;
Fetch back the proud, impure, the credulous, blind,
And bring them to thy Son, most blessed Lord,
One flock in brotherly and sweet accord ;
That with the genuine Israelites of old,
When the great heavenly shepherd shall descend,
They may be gathered in one common fold ;
Safe in the care of man's eternal friend,
Whose love was from the first, and never more shall
end.

EASTER EVEN.

For a joyful Resurrection.

GRANT, LORD, that we who at the holy rite
Of baptism, there with Christ professed to die ;
May henceforth strive with heaven-directed might
All our corrupt desires to mortify,
Till dead as men in sepulchres they lie ;

Then may we gladly to our cold graves haste,
There the last remnants of our sin to lay;
And through that lowly gate, death's brief night past,
Enter eternity's unending day;
By Jesus ransomed from our mouldering cell,
Unearthly, incorrupt, thence evermore to dwell.

EASTER DAY.

For the continual influences of the Spirit.

GRIM tyrant Death! thou art overcome,
Burst are the bands, that locked the tomb,
In that mysterious strife!
Grim tyrant Death, hath found his mate,
And Jesus opens wide the gate
Of everlasting life.

Almighty God, who through thy Son,
Such a stupendous work hast done,
In love to ransomed man;
O leave us not in sight of hope,
Still bear thy feeble servants up,
And perfect thine own plan.

Thou know'st how faithless are the springs
Of nature, when towards heavenly things

Our earth-chained mind aspires ;
From thee, O Lord, alone proceeds
The sacred warmth of soul that feeds
Blest thoughts and pure desires.

Plant in our breasts good seed, and place
Such principles of truth and grace

As nature may correct ;
And nourish them with ceaseless care,
Until they root, and ripen there
To fruits of good effect.

So may we share the victory,
For which our captain left the sky,

And sojourned here to win ;
That we his soldiers, for his sake,
Through thine almighty power, may break
The chains of death and sin.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

For power against sin.

THY love, good Lord, thy matchless love we bless,
Transcending a fond Father's tenderness ;
Which e'en thy Son from bliss eternal sent,
To bear for us sin's dreadful punishment ,
Which raised him then from the curs'd death he died,
To prove fall'n man thence fully justified ;
Grant us, O.Lord, such influence of thy grace,
As every bosom-sin may quite efface ;
That through thy spirit, and our earnest prayer,
No leaven of wickedness may linger there,
But all our soul from foul corruption free,
Purged from all selfishness, and cleansed for thee,
May serve thee well ; by truth unerring taught
To walk each day as wisdom's children ought ;
And living purely, and believing right,
At last may stand accepted in thy sight.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

For the benefits of Christs death and example.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who gav'st thine only son
To save us sinful men, so to complete
The sacrifice for sins which we have done,
And guide aright our all-too-wandering feet ;
Grant to thy servants wisdom, we intreat,
To take with thankfulness thine offered grace ;
And in the spirit of obedience sweet,
The steps of his most holy life to trace,
A sweet though thorny path, towards heaven thy dwell-
ing place.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

For grace to live according to our profession.

O God, our helper and our guide,
Whence all our wants are still supplied ;

Who saving truth from heaven dost bring,
A light to lead the wandering,
To lead man's wretched soul that strays,
To peaceful paths and pleasant ways!
O grant to all and every one,
Who take their name from Christ thy Son,
That they may live on earth, as he,
Marked by upright consistency;
Well taught to hate and to eschew,
Whate'er beseems them not to do;
With bold, unwavering, honest heart,
To act that godly Christian part,
Which still fulfils thy blessed will,
Albeit it suits the world but ill:
So may Christ's saints' example bright,
Cast round their sphere a holy light,
Till freed from this world's orbit dim,
They shine like stars of heaven with him.

SAINT' MARK'S DAY.

For steadfastness in the true faith.

MIGHTY GOD, whose boundless love
Sent true wisdom from above ;
Gifted many a holy seer
Truth's light-streaming torch to rear,
Chasing error far away,
Shamed by that pure vivid ray,
Thence on wildered mortals cast,
The covenant's sweet antepast.
Who shall bless thee, as we ought,
For saints that Jesus' Gospel brought?
Strong in his almighty name
They rode in chariot of flame,
And like lightning-flash unfurl'd,
Pierced each corner of the world.
Oh, how fled each lingering mist
Before the great evangelist!
High he reared his beacon bright,
Thy lost church to guide aright,

And eternal sunshine spread
On her late beclouded head.
Vast and endless source of bliss,
Who shall praise thee, Lord, for this!
Half our thanks we cannot say;
We will chuse a meeter way,
We will live devote to thee,
Hence from sin and error free;
This, good Lord, shall please thee well;
This, shall best our praises tell;
Only grant us daily aid
Still to keep our purpose staid:
Grant us lasting grace that we
Ne'er unfixed in mind may be,
Tossed about weak children-wise,
By vain teachers' fantasies;
But well-rooted in that lore
Which our fathers loved before,
In the gospel mystery
Firm may live, and firm may die;
To our children handing down,
The old faith in Christ thy Son.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

For heavenly affections.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! whose secret power alone
Can rule the workings of man's sinful mind,
Making his will, though free, still serve thine own,
And his affections as thou lead'st, inclin'd ;
Grant, Lord, that we may choose, with love entire,
Those holy deeds thy wisdom bids us do ;
And our well governed hearts alone desire
What thy blest promise guides us to pursue ;
So while all else is changing, as in sport,
While nought though seeming staid, remaineth so,
Our hearts with one unwavering, strong effort,
May dwell on things, nor change nor chances know,
On those pure joys, that grow on heavenly ground,
And only in God's paradise are found.

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES'S DAY.

For the knowledge of Christ.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, whom to know,
All other knowledge passeth so,
That whoso that doth once possess,
Findeth therein staid blessedness !
Give us such heavenly grace, that we
May know Christ Jesus perfectly,
And find in him thus truly known,
That heaven-appointed way alone,
Where we may learn that certain lore,
Which leads to life for evermore !
Instructed thus, O may we go,
Long as we sojourn here below,
With upright hearts and honest aims,
After Saint Philip and Saint James ;

And tread with firm unfaltering pace,
The known straight forward Christian race,
Which lies through paths though rugged, vernal,
Opening into life eternal;
Where those great saints, departed hence,
Have found their mighty recompense;
Where we through Christ may wear with them,
Faith's amaranthine diadem.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

For holiness of heart and life.

O GOD, from whom alone proceeds
That fixed and tranquil mood
Of holy thoughts and virtuous deeds,
Which make man truly good.

Inspire our humbled hearts, inspire
Else wavering though they be,
With one pure, single, strong desire .
Of pleasing only thee !

And lest our love in wishes die, '
A transient, useless flame ;
Still more and more of grace supply,
Whence those good wishes came !

Yes, let thy grace our minds pursue,
And help our weakness still,
To prove our faith in Jesus true,
By living to thy will !

THE ASCENSION DAY.

For heavenly mindedness.

GRANT, mighty God, for mercy's sake,
The prayer thy humble servants make !
O grant, that as by faith we know,
After short sojourn here below
His Father's work completely ended,
Thy Son to his own Heaven ascended ;
E'en so may we who bear his name,
In spirit and in life the same,
On wings of love like Seraphim
In heart and mind soar after him,
And by pure thoughts and living well,
With him continually dwell ;—
With him who in the lowly breast
Of contrite sinner stoops to rest,

Yet reigns the while in glory's height,
Prince of the flaming sons of light,
Who praises sing, triumphant host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

For the comforting influences of the Holy Ghost.

- O God, the king of glory, who didst raise
Thy Son from death, which he for man did bear;
And 'midst bright throngs of angels, harping praise,
Led'st him in triumph through the fields of air,
Back to the throne of God; O, hear our pray'r,
And leave not thy frail children comfortless!
But visit us with sweet refreshings here
Of that good Spirit, which unseen doth bless

The spirits of the faithful, and prepare;
Our souls to live, where souls immortal are;
Where Christ our Saviour long is gone before,
And reigns one God with thee for evermore.

WHIT SUNDAY.

For the enlightening influences of the Holy Ghost.

O God, whose Holy Spirit taught
Thy favoured saints of old;
And in them, as at this time, wrought
Rare graces manifold.
Grant unto us, thy servants, now,
The same blest spiritual light;
That we, like them, may ever know,
To judge and choose aright;
And oh, both now and evermore,
Whilst in this world we dwell;
Into our breasts true comfort pour,
From that life-giving well;

Yes ! let it be an inward fount,
For ever springing up,
Trickling sweet waters from thy mount,
To fill our daily cup ;
We dare to ask through Christ alone,
Who reigns supreme with thee,
Whom cherubs round about thy throne,
Laud everlastingly !

TRINITY SUNDAY.

For perseverance in the true knowledge of God.

God of all might and endless days,
We yield thee hearty thanks and praise,
That thou hast giv'n us heav'nly light,
To know thee well, and serve thee right ;
To acknowledge, in the eternal Three,
The glory of the Trinity ;

Yet knit in such blest union,
That still the Godhead is but one ;—
As long as this world shall endure,
Keep, gracious Lord, this faith secure ;
Unwavering, may thy church confess
This corner-stone of righteousness ;
And while to guard that truth it tries,
Shield it from all adversities,
Still safe to yield thee thanks and praise,
God of all might and endless days !

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For God's guidance and strength.

O God, the mighty strength of those,
Who in that mighty strength repose ;
Thou who art touched with all our cares,
In mercy, Lord, accept our pray'rs !

And since our native virtue gone,
We have no power to lean upon ;
Since thou alone canst give us might,
Through life's hard road to walk upright,
O let thy Spirit sweetly shine
On ours, and cheer with grace divine !
That labouring to understand,
And do thy work with heart and hand,
In will and deed, in thought and word,
We may please thee, through Christ our Lord.

SAINT BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

For primitive graces and dispositions.

Alas, what was Charity in better days,
Whilst yet on earth our master's steps were seen !
How pleasant were religion's peaceful ways,
Whilst low self-pleasing interests had not been,

And carnal tempers did not intervene
To blot the Spirits mild, ethereal frame !
Great thoughts, pure aims, affections clean,
Then spread a reverence round the Christian name,
And spake the heavenly source, whence such bright
effluence came.

Such, saintly Barnabas, of old wert thou,
Meek consolation's son above thy peers !
Thy guileless heart God's Spirit did endow,
With that soft tone which every word endears,
And drops, like med'cine, on the wounded ears ;
At thy blest preaching, stony hearts gave way,
And streaming eyes wiped up contrition's tears ;
Each various listener own'd its happy sway,
Sin felt the mild rebuke, and grief waxed sweetly gay.

Stern thoughts, rough words, the apostle never knew,
He loved not zeal's too oft infuriate mood ;
(Wrath needs not, where our cause is great and true ;)
He was a man of peace, right simply good,

Who felt and spoke as christian pastors should ;
 All full himself of sin's soul-humbling sense,
 Calmly he lived by faith in Jesu's blood ;
 Which on his mind such sweetness did dispense,
 As made him all so rich in winning eloquence.

Not all for nought are these exemplars sent ;—
 They are the stars of this world's cheerless night,
 Hung by thee, Lord, in its dark firmament,
 To give thy church an everlasting light,
 And upward lift our much too earthward sight ;
 Who kept them once amid those stormy days,
 And made them shine so constant and so bright,
 With equal love his servants now surveys ;
 Thus beck'ning us along in wisdom's rugged ways.

Like them to thee, great God, our spirits tend,
 Like them, would we by thy blest guidance move,
 Oh, make it still like theirs, our steadfast end,
 To spread thy truth, that truth with reason prove,
 And yet withal to prove and plead in love ;

Be ours to use thy gifts with single aim,
To honour thee, poor selfish aims above ;
Be ours our own in all things to disclaim,
So may we more advance our master Jesus' name.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the Divine Protection.

TEACHING trials oft assail,
Yet, good Lord, thou dost not fail ;
For then with mightiest energy,
From thy throne swift spirits fly,
Ministering to the wants of those,
Whose true hearts move,
As that pure influence doth dispose,
Steadfast in thy fear and love !

Lord, let these blest guardians wait
For ever round our dwelling,
Still our steps directing straight,
And in our ear good precepts telling ;
So shall we keep the happy road,
Where watches, aye, thy providence, O God !
But most, let flames of heaven-fed piety,
With unabated ardour burn
Upon the altar of our hearts ; thence in its turn
Let every grace well pleasing unto thee
Of holy affection and sweet charity,
Show in our life ; till thoroughly sanctified,
Fast by thine house we thenceforth may abide
Fearing and loving everlastingly.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For God's comfort and defence.

LEFT to himself, how pitiable poor man!
Unapt to tell his sorrows where alone
Reside the love that will, the power that can
Assuage his misery and his guilt atone.
Without thee, Lord, ourselves had never known
The secret path to peace, which only those
Whom thou vouchsaf'st to number with thine own,
Find in unbosoming to thee their woes,
Med'cine for every grief, for every care repose.

Thou know'st the evil case in which we stand,
Whilst many a foe at every stage doth wait,
To obstruct our journey to the promised land;
Yet built on thee our smallness waxeth great,
And we are safe e'en in this mortal state:

For thou art with us, Lord, unshaken stay,
 And still with mercy most compassionate;
 These vexing foes wilt scatter far away,
 A faithful fire by night, a sheltering cloud by day.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

For primitive Piety.

ALMIGHTY God, whose mercy sent
 The holy Baptist from above,
 To bid a sinful world repent,
 And fit them for a Saviour's love;
 Make us to learn what he has taught,
 To follow his example bright;
 To mourn our wanderings, as we ought,
 With hearts grief-broken and contrite;

Like him, with boldness plain and true,
The haughty sinner's pride to break;
Like him to suffer meekly too
For Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For divine strength and protection.

O God, the Almighty everlasting aid,
Of all whose hearts can simply rest on thee;
Without whom nothing long continues staid,
And none can live as thou deem'st holily;
Increase our ghostly strength, O Lord increase,
And multiply on us thy gifts of grace:

That thus with thee, our ruler and our guide,
By storms undaunted though by storms distrest,

Through this world's tossing billows we may ride,
 Safe to the harbour of eternal rest;
 And through our great Redeemer's mighty prayer,
 Dwell with our heavenly Father ever there.

SAINT PETER'S DAY.

For the ministers of God's word.

How fathomless, thy mercy, mighty Lord!
 There's not a thing through this wide universe
 But speaks thy love; e'en when by sin abhor'd
 What once was perfect felt the avenging curse;
 Thou didst not leave it to wax worse and worse,
 Death scarce had entered, ere the promise came,
 And such sweet comfort on the guilty pour'd,
 That man the victim, else of sin and shame,
 Lifts his fallen head again, erect in Jesus' name.

In sundry portions, fitting divers times,
As faultless wisdom bade, thus scattered 'st round,
Here partial beams of truth; in other climes
Its full broad blaze; and ~~lands~~ in darkness drow'd
Showed a blest race with light and goodness crown'd.
Infinite mercy! which pursued us still,
Still interfered to check our growing crimes;
Gave light enough for man to do thy will,
If each but meekly learn, and what he learns fulfil.

On saving errand, rich in graces rare,
Christ's kingdom's herald, good Saint Peter went;
Though coward late, each danger prompt to dare;
For ever on his mighty purpose bent;
In conduct firm, yet cool in argument;
Seemed ever that his Master's last command,
"Go feed my flock," thrilled his attentive ear;
To do that work, he scorns the warrior band,
Nor priests nor princes leagu'd, his pointed words can
stand.

" Judge for yourselves," the calm apostle said,
 " Whom ought we to obey, or God or man ?
 " 'Tis true, yourselves through ignorance have betray'd
 " God's Son ; and ignorantly fulfilled his plan—"
 Cut to the heart, through each cold tremors ran ;
 " What shall we do ?" the guilty convicts cried :
 " Repent, and see your sins on Jesus laid ;
 " Convert yourselves, and be ye justified ;"
 And truth so plainly preached, believers multiplied.

Lord, grant that all who at thine altar wait,
 Bishops and pastors, with like diligence,
 In word and deed may shine as truly great,
 Like zealous Christian wisdom to dispense,
 Their own hearts awayed by its pure influence ;
 So shall their people yield obediently
 To thy good word ; and through this mortal state
 Onward they'll fare in sweetest unity,
 And stand at last approved, pastor and flock by thee.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For a godly and peaceable life

O LORD, in whose commanding hands
The source of power resides;
Whose sovereign will the angelic bands
And wayward mortals guides;
Vouchsafe, great ruler, things below
In undisturbed course may flow
Free from conflicting tides;
And safe from all that breedeth harm,
E'en this world feel a general calm.

So shall thy church, which doth not swerve,
When perils round her press;
Lift up her tripping head, and serve,
Her God with joyfulness;
Sweetly her days shall glide along,
And oft she'll tune a cheerful song,

A Saviour's love to bless ;
For happy, happy may she be—
Who lives in peace, yet holily.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the love of God and its recompense.

God whose years could know no date,
No bound thy peerless might ;
Ever most compassionate,
Whose love is infinite ;
How rich the treasure for good men prepar'd,
For love of thee, how mighty the reward !

Things transcending human sense,
Man's heart can ne'er conceive ;
Joys for those departed hence,
High faith can scarce believe.

Unchecked imagination's boldest stretch
Fails long before such glorious thoughts it reach !

O let nothing hinder then,
Thy full possession ;
Take the hearts of sinful men,
And be they thine alone ;
Fix them, O Lord, exclusively on thee,
Feed them with thoughts of immortality !

Thus while our affections rise,
In consecrated zeal ;
May thy servants realise,
Joys else man cannot feel ;
In this vain world, with heavenly tempers blest
Good earnest of thy people's lasting rest.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the increase of piety and its fruits.

IN vain, O Lord, our labouring thoughts essay
To think, as it behoves, of thee ; in whom
The essence of all power abides for aye ;
At whose self-voice Nature's fair works did come ;
And in unbroken course, still wear their earliest bloom.

Great God, assist our drooping souls to rise,
And drink such high conceptions of thy love,
That on our hearts may flame a sacrifice
Of everlasting thanks to thee ; and prove
We are no thralls of earth, but conversant above.

On this blest principle so staid and sure,
Our hearts shall calmly rest ; and let our lives
Show true religion's force peaceful and pure,
That where it is, best evidence it gives
By quiet, holy deeds ; and best in silence thrives.

Then while 'tis ours to tabernacle here,
Let thy light shine upon our dwelling; still
Let tokens of thy love our sorrows cheer;
And as with streams of a reviving rill,
Our cup of life with blessings evermore fulfil:

So our true hearts shall beat with real joy,
Our mouths shall tell of pleasantness and peace;
Sweet prelude to the bliss without alloy,
Which Jesus purchased us at death's release;
Where all those joys are full, and all those mourn-
ings cease.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the comforts of God's providence.

O God, whose never failing providence,
Past man's short sight, holds its unerring way;
And moving ever with unseen influence,
Both things on earth and things in heaven doth sway;
In mercy listen to our suit, we pray;

And, whatsoe'er thou see'st might work us ill,
With a fond parent's care far off remove ;
And such things only grant, as aid thy will
To make us holy here and blest above :
Hear us, for Jesus' sake in time of need,
His name alone, O Lord, thy servants plead.

SAINT JAMES THE APOSTLE.

For Christian self-denial.

THERE is a simple dignity of soul,
By which mean men peer forth above their state ;
And humble hearts shine out exceeding great ;
When the free spirit spurns the wide controul,
That love of this world holds o'er common minds ;
And justly balancing each objects worth,
Rises beyond the things of this vain earth,
And its rich recompense in goodness finds.

'Twas such a noble honesty of heart,
Aided, as still 'tis wont, by grace divine,
Made those great saints of old so brightly shine,
Well pleased for truth from this world's gear to part :
Thus good Saint James endured no mean reserve
For earthly likings ; but when Jesus had,
Rose cheerfully forsaking all he had,
Enough for him so blest a Lord to serve.

Oh, in like sort, in us great God implant
A holy strength of soul that upward springs ;
And with it conscience of thy favour brings,
So we may boldly say,—“ I shall not want ;
“ God is my helper, man I will not fear ;
“ Be mine all base desires to cast away,
“ Walk where I will, thou then my guide and stay,
“ My wants wilt furnish and my griefs wilt bear.

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For grace to do God's will.

Good God ! this vain inconstant mind,
 No ties of duty seem to bind,
 Tossed to and fro with every wind,
 It shews itself how light !
 Its wild work who can e'er redress,
 A bed of weeds all orderless,
 Where nothing grows aright !

Yet e'en where all things thus are wrong,
 If thou such dissonance among,
 Wilt speak the word, that word so strong,
 Our dark souls will illumine;
 As erst sweet flowers sprang out of naught,
 At thy blest voice as sweetly taught
 Each gentle grace and holy thought.
 Within our breasts shall bloom

And though without thee we can do,
Naught that good Christians should pursue ;
Yet if thy spirit our hearts endue
With wisdom and with grace ;
Our goodness shall not come and go,
But bright and constant it shall show,
What blessed lives those live below,
Who live in such a case.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For grace to pray aright.

WHILE on his pilgrimage below,
How is vain man tossed to and fro !
Unknowing still what track to steer,
He drives about lone wanderer !
Compelled at random thus to rove,
Till light breaks on him from above !

When we are compassed with fear,
Be thou, O Lord, with succour near,
Accept our prayers though ignorant,
Or what to ask or what we want :
Oh, teach thy servants first to pray,
And then accept the prayers they say ;
Instruct our earth-bent minds to see
This world's deceit and vanity ;
How many rich men still are poor,
And great ones nathless insecure ;
True honour is not outward show,
Nor pleasure all, that seemeth so ;
That all the wealthiest e'er have spent,
Is not worth one poor man's content ;
For humble men are ne'er forgot,
'Tis for the proud God careth not.
So may our prayers ne'er ask for aught,
But what thy saints have ever sought ;
The grace best suited to our state,
Which making small doth make us great ;
Cleanses the body's morbid sight,
And kindles faith's pure spiritual light ;

Bids our affections heavenward move,
And fastens them on things above.
Oh, thus let our aspirings rise,
To things which our true good comprise,
Well worthy thee, O God, to give,
Which make us blessed, who receive ;
Then whilst we pray, thine answers sweet,
Half way towards heaven our prayers shall meet,
For thou at Jesus' suit wilt grant,
More than we ask, yea, all we want.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the participation of God's promises.

O GOD, who rul'st the angelic host,
Enthroned in power all power above ;
Yet show'st that power to mortals most
By endless miracles of love.

O thou, who by thine only word
Didst make this world's harmonious whole;
With that same word remake, O Lord,
This little jarring world—our soul.

With influence unfelt yet plain,
Nature's corrupted course renew;
Each ill propensity restrain,
Which once unchecked and freely grew.

Invite us on thy ways to run,
Refreshing us with comforts sweet;
And this world's painful duties done,
Oh, make thy promises complete.

Though great our sins, let Jesus' blood,
Through faith, cleanse all their guilt away;
Place us with all thine angels good,
As pure, as safe, as blest as they!

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For God's mercy and goodness.

God, whose eternal power is understood
By works effecting still the general good

In every age and land !

Thou, bounteous Lord, art readier to bestow
Than we to ask those gifts which daily flow

From thy paternal hand !

Thy mercy far our best deserts transcends ;
Yea, far beyond man's daring wish extends,

Thy love to his fall'n race !

Ev'n so, good Lord, be gracious evermore !

And as thy servants need, vouchsafe to pour
The abundance of thy grace.

Forgive the things or done or thought or said,
Remembering which, our conscience is afraid,
And starts to think upon;
And give us Lord those blessings vast and rare,
Which we to ask all too unworthy are,
Except through Christ alone.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

For a disposition to believe and propagate the Gospel.

ALMIGHTY GOD, all power we own
Resides for aye in thee alone;
From naught but thee the stream proceeds,
Of stainless thoughts and holy deeds,
Which bless the lives and hearts of those
In whom thy Spirit's fountain flows.
'Twas that same Spirit did renew
The heart of plain Bartholomew.

Made his great soul from guile most free,
And meek as that of infancy.
Though much beset with this world's lure,
His hands, his aims, his thoughts were pure,
By wisdom's search and art refin'd,
He carried still a humble mind,—
A mind athirst for truth divine,
Which felt that gift, O Lord, was thine.
When small was this his better store,
He lived by that, and sought for more ;
Explored the Scripture's living page,
So gained in youth the lore of age,
Such lore as cleansed his life from vice,
And his calm soul from prejudice.
Ah, then to him how blest the day
When his expectant ears heard say,
“ Lo ! he, of whom old prophets tell,
Visits at length his Israel ! ”
To Jesus' presence swift he came,
Albeit he much misgave the name,
And much he mused how Galilee,
Messiah's cradle e'er could be.

But Jesus' words were words of might,
And self-revealing as the light,
Scattered at once his mental gloom,
As to his heart those words did come.
Thus anxious souls, to doubts a prey,
Doubt on, whilst still from Christ they stay;
Yet let them once but come and see,
Away those worst of horrors flee,
Such sons of darkness dare not press,
Where shines the sun of righteousness.
He who erewhile had groped for day,
Goes now rejoicing on his way,
Himself at rest, he longs to be
A light to those who groped as he,
And eager burns his grateful soul
To scatter truth from pole to pole.
Grant, Lord to us, once all as blind,
An equal zeal, a kindred mind!
A lively faith, whose works may tell,
We love the truth, he loved so well;
An ardour pure from heaven caught,
To preach the blessed things he taught;

A saint-like life, which best may show,
Our hearts receive the truths we know;
So, Lord, in this our passing state,
Thy first church may we imitate,
And let us shine, as erst they shin'd,
A beacon-light to human kind!

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For grace to serve God faithfully.

FATHER of all our mercies! thou from whom,
As from an everlasting fountain, come
Fresh streams of goodness, gushing forth to cheer
Each Christian pilgrim on his journey here;
Still strengthening us, all feeble as we be,
Onward to fare acceptably to thee!
O send, good Lord, from out thy dwelling,
More and more aid,
Let each bad temper once rebelling
In peace be laid!

And whilst this world is our abode,
Let us serve God;
And living pure,
Traverse the wilderness secure,
And the strait path so wisely chuse,
That at the last we may not lose
Those promises to Jesus' followers made ;
Where pleasures never cloy and honours never fade.

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For Faith, Hope, and Charity.

GREAT GOD, we seek refuge in thee,
The source of all wisdom and goodness and might ;
'Tis in vain for us elsewhere to flee ;
Thou only canst cleanse our dark minds with true light,
To live as those ought, who live still in thy sight.

Bestow then upon us, good Lord,
The grace of fixed faith and assurance serene,
Undoubting to rest on thy word ;
Resolved, though the veil of our flesh intervene,
To realize truth, and to see thee unseen.

Let Hope, with her bright beacon near,
Shed full on our path her far-streaming rays,
That promises distant at hand may appear ;
So prospects of gladness our faint hearts shall raise,
To pass cheerfully through these else sorrowful days.

But chiefly let Charity's angel-like form,
Attend on our lives, and reside in our breast,
To hush there each unhallowed storm ;
And diffuse there that sweetness of temper so blest,
That disarms e'en the worst, and still hopeth the best.

These blessed companions bestow ;
Then bid, Lord, whate'er thou art pleased to command,
Through a world of temptation we fear not to go :
And through Jesus at last with the saints we shall stand,
And wear glory's bright crown from his own gracious
hand.

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the blessings of God's care and protection.

WITH thee, Almighty Lord, with thee doth rest,
Full power to order this world's troublous course;
'Tis thine at need to succour the distrest,
And overmatch hell's ever wakeful force;
Keep then, in mercy's everlasting arms,
Those few good men true to thy faith and fear;
Give them to feel thy presence blest, which calms
The troubled spirit; and tell them thou art near!
For thy poor church without thee is undone,
And can but fall; but with thee, Lord, at hand,
Our hearts shall rest by faith in Christ thy Son,
That thou the assaults of evil wilt withstand,
And such good things supply, as thou dost see
Best aid our discipline for immortality.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the peace and purity of the Church.

WITH love parental, holy Father search
Thy children's hearts, where sin doth ever hide;
So from her worst foes cleanse and shield thy church;
For safe without thee we can ne'er abide;
Tried, tempted, and distress on every side;
But through thine help, e'en we will wax full strong,
And prove ourselves, if grace our bosoms guide,
Servants of God a rebel world among,
Haply despised on earth, but jubilant ere long!

SAINT MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

Against covetousness.

ALMIGHTY God, what mere earth-worms are we,
Ere thy good Spirit beams upon the soul!
Erect in vain yon glittering worlds we see,
Whilst inward low tumultuous passions roll,
And pluck the spirit from her eminence brave,
To toss and soil it on life's restless wave.

Thus Matthew, once heart-deep in this world's cares,
At earliest dawn from troubled slumbers goes;
And strains by odious toil from passing wars,
Enough to break again his night's repose;
Snatches brief sleep, poor respite from his pain,
Only to drudge the same vile round again.

One day, amid the press, a voice he hears—
“ Rise, follow me ”—that penetrating voice
Of more than mortal energy appears,
Sounding distinctly o’er the dissonant noise ;
In those clear notes he felt his maker’s sway,
And instant each base passion slunk away.

Convinced he rises from the custom-seat,
Bids his vain idols, wares and hopes, adieu ;
And prostrate at his rightful Master’s feet,
Kneels, all devoted, his blest work to do ;
He, who erewhile the world’s hard slave had been,
God’s servant now, wears freedom’s happiest mien.

So, Lord, enable us where Jesus calls,
Each earthly passion freely to forsake ;
And much too wise for Mammon’s abject thralls,
Each band of this poor world, indignant break ;
Then shall our spirits, their bondage burst, go free,
To their own proper task—of serving thee.

Thence will we trample on the paitry lure,
Which Satan round our hearts still loves to twine;
And fearing thee, our total weal secure;
For this world and its fulness, Lord, is thine!
Contentment thus and godliness we gain,
Enjoy this world, yet slip its irksome chain.

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For God's preventing and assisting grace,

ALONE in this dark world and hard beset,
Here lured by wily bait of pleasure, there
Driven by mere helplessness to blank despair,
We pray thee, Lord, our sinking cause abet!
Still present in each difficult essay,
Where duty calls, prevent us with thy grace;
And help us with firm, even, onward pace,
To keep, though little trod, the good old way;

Be ours, O Lord, on godly purpose bent,
With resolute mind to enter life's strait gate ;
And day by day on blessed works intent,
In faith and patience thy good pleasure wait ;
Walking with him for sinners guidance sent :
Meet training for our grand eternal state !

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

For the aid of God's ministering Spirits.

EXALT, O Lord, our drooping minds
From these gross thoughts that soil them here ;
Snap the strong link that clogs and blinds
The soul from heaven, its proper sphere ;
Give our faint spirits oft to see
Past this world's course so dark and dim ;
And learn to serve thee cheerfully,
As thou art served by cherubim.

They come and go at thy behest,
No will but thine, O God, have they;
Such happy work is sweetest rest,
No slumber needs such blissful day;
Those gracious errands cannot tire,
Though through vast fields of air they lie;
Their love by proof doth not expire,
But brightens everlastingly.

'Tis thus in heaven true love is seen,
Where every grace is fittest shewn;
All in their orbits move serene,
Each zealous only in his own;
No zeal eccentric there disturbs
The course of things so wise and fair;
True love its glowing ardour curbs
To its own work, and spends it there.

Yet oft, so tells the sacred page,
With larger sympathy they glow;
E'en we poor men their hearts engage,
And all unseen they mix below;

Ordained by thee with pure delight,
To feebler saints they minister,
Their feet they guide to walk aright,
And whisper warning when they err.

Much need we in a world like this,
Where still we tread on hostile ground;
Such guides of wisdom, lest we miss
That path of life we once had found;
Grant, Lord, they may be ever near,
As messengers of peace from thee,
Driving far off unholy fear,
And speaking us tranquillity.

By thine appointment may they wait
Around our course of toil and woe,
And on this changeful mortal state,
A light of lasting comfort throw;
Such holy guardians kind and true,
Whilst here we sojourn, daily grant;
Then like blest offices may we do
To other saints yet militant.

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For strength against temptation.

ENVIRONED round on all sides with dread foes,
 Against our spiritual peace confederate,
 In thee alone, O Lord, we seek repose,
 And strength to overmatch their cruel hate,
 Who in fixed malice for our halting wait.

Without, the practice of a godless world
 Would put good principle to shame; within,
 Reason from her mild throne is madly hurl'd
 By fleshly lusts; and craftier still to win,
 The Devil himself baits all these snares to sin.

Lord, help us all these efforts to repel,
 Maugre their strength, immoveably secure,
 Resisting evil best by doing well;
 Cheerful through faith in Christ, hard test to endure,
 So virtue be more tried, our hearts more pure.

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the influence of the Holy Spirit.

UNLIKE what he was made,
On thine all gracious plan;
O God, without thine aid;
How wretched now is man!
Fallen from that fair height,
On which erewhile he stood;
Half blind to reason's light,
If reason point to good.

Such Lord in truth are we,
Of Adam's tainted race;
Unable to please thee,
Save through thine own free grace:
For nothing but that power,
Which shaped our godlike frame;
God's likeness can restore,
As from his hand we came.

Let that but once more guide
The source whence actions rise,
And o'er our hearts preside
As once in Paradise ;
Let that our steps sustain
With shepherd crook and rod ;
And sinful man again
On earth shall walk with God.

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

For a cheerful devotion to God's service.

THOU great and all-merciful One,
The basis of every hope !
Without thee poor man is undone,
His visions of happiness drop !

Let goodness thy faithful ones keep,
Drive evil on all sides away;
At night let them peacefully sleep,
And smile at the troubles of day.

Secure thou wilt shield us from harm,
With which this world is ever so rife;
We will ride as in undisturbed calm,
Scarce feeling the tossings of life:

Absorbed in thy service alone,
Through time we will cheerfully go,
Till, Jesus, at last, by thy throne,
We shall rest everlastingly so!

SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

For a sound and healthful state of mind.

ALMIGHTY GOD, in hours of pain,
When nature's spirits sink opprest ;
When fever throbs through every vein,
And all is languor and unrest ;
If medicine brings some brief repose,
Whose heart but then with gratitude o'erflows ?

But who a wounded mind can bear,
A heart struck deep with sense of sin ?
When the thoughts blacken with despair,
And 'tis a storm of woe within ;
Oh, then, how sweet, if truth divine
Pour on the soul its gracious anodyne.

Blest office ! such, in elder days,
In which the good Physician wrought ;

His skill each malady allays,
Natural, or from contagion caught ;
That skill was truth, and thence he brings
A gentle Spirit, with healing in his wings.

No ill disease but owns his power ;
Beneath his hand the proud heart grows
Dove-like ; where passions used to lower,
Modest and mild the temper shows ;
E'en he devote to this world's pelf,
Seeks things above, and now denies himself.

Oh might it please thee, gracious Lord,
Thus our infirmities to heal,
That all corrected by thy word,
A perfect soundness we might feel ;
Ill tempers gone, our lusts subdued,
And our fresh souls, as eagles' plumes renewed.

Then with a keen alacrity,
None but reviving sick ones know,

Our spirits shall mount up to thee
With health's exhilarating glow ;
Restored by thee, to purest joy,
To love thee, Lord, shall be our fixed employ.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For pardon, purity, and peace.

THE victims of sin, and sorrow, and pain,
Vain men of their griefs self-inflicted complain ;
And seek for false joys, now their true joys are gone,
Till they find in this perishing world there are none.

Disappointed in all, to our Father we flee ;
O happy the sorrow that drives us to thee ;
Who wipest those tears, that are contritely shed,
And liftest the sinner's now shame-drooping head.

Have mercy, good Lord, on thy servants below,
For without thee like heart-broken pilgrims they go.
But speak thou their pardon, their mournings shall
cease;
Look kindly upon them, and within all is peace.

A sense of their sins, though thou mak'st them glad,
Will still keep them humble, but never more sad;
For our guilt once so dark, is all washed away
By the blood of redemption which Jesus did pay.

Thenceforth in thy love to thy blest will resign'd,
We will live light of heart, and quiet of mind;
And thy favour, O Lord, such contentment shall give,
As blesses the bosom when true faith doth live.

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, APOSTLES.

For unity among Christians.

ETERNAL GOD, whose name is love,
To all thy creatures known;
Or be it those who brightly move
Nearest the blissful throne;
Or men so richly dowered on earth,
Or brutes of far inferior worth,
The fly, the flower, the course of senseless things
An image of thy love, Almighty Father, brings.

So nature's works from all around
Thy loving kindness tell;
Creature to creature echoing, sound
Grace most adorable;

Yet love so gloriously bright,
Scarce shines before that greater light
In beams of goodness to the church display'd;
So in Schechina's face material light would fade.

Built up by thine Almighty hand,
That church's bulwarks rise;
Thy power hath wrought, whose wisdom plann'd
The beauteous edifice;
Jesus himself the corner-stone,
Prophets, apostles built thereon;
Deeply on earth its fixed foundations lie,
Whilst on the glorious work heaven shines eternally.

Thus may the church both now and ever,
Firmly cemented be;
No tempest rude enough to sever
Its spiritual unity:
So well proportioned its fair make,
That every blast thou send'st to shake
Its holy walls, with baffled wrath may tell,
How vain the stormy rage of leagu'd earth and hell

For oh, when Christian men agree,
As Christian should with brother ;
Or only strive in rivalry,
Christ-like, to love each other ;
When the same blessed truths they speak,
With reason sound and tempers meek ;
Nor force nor time shall break their sweet repose,
Till that great fountain stop, whence peace eternal
flows.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For quietness and godliness.

How free are the servants of God !
All needless to them are the carkings of care ;
Whilst the world's dupes still carry a load
Of slavery, upon the gay livery they wear ;
And delving for pleasure, they dig up despair.

'Tis only thy servants, O Lord,
That long can dwell safely or pleasantly here !
When thou speakest them peace, at that word
All the pains of this world, like clouds disappear,
And their sky which was murky, shows lastingly clear.

O keep but thy church in the path,
Where good men for ages have silently gone ;
'Twill then fare as well as it hath,
When its foes and thine have cried—down with it, down !
All in vain ; for it stood on the great corner-stone.

Or if 'tis thine ever best will
That our days for a while with prosperity shine ;
We will never forget thee, but still
Those seasons of gladness, O God, shall be thine,
Thy service our choice, our pleasures divine.

Each day more established in grace,
More rich in good works, more intent on the prize,
That crowns him who wins in the great Christian race,

We will follow our master's bright steps to the skies;
And he will not forget, where our sleeping dust lies.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

For primitive unity and piety.

GOD only wise, all wisdom's primal source,
How every thing we see bespeaks thee so!
Hence nature's works in one unbroken course
Of order and strict measure onward go,
More hushed and calm than peaceful waters flow;
The mightiest orbs of light thy bidding hear,
And keep like marshalled hosts, each his appropriate
sphere.

Such harmony thine elder work did crown
And stamped creation offspring of thine hand;

So when again the Son of God came down
To build thy church compiled from every land,
Like wisdom thus its holy structure planned,
And wrought men's hearts of every strange degree,
To blend in one sweet law of mutual charity.

Thus thine elect, O Lord, in better days,
Were knit together in communion ;
Oh, would'st thou now such blessed power but raise,
Driving self-love from his usurped throne,
And make all Christian hearts again as one ;
One in good fellowship's divine accord,
And one in supreme love of thee their rightful Lord !

How dear to follow those great saints of old,
Like them, in virtuous living truly great ;
With them in the dread book of life enrolled ;
And thence undaunted by this troublous state,
Maugre its endless sorrows still elate,
With store of comfort such a life bestows,
And prospect of that life, which sorrow never knows.

For who love thee, as elder seers have said,
And show by mutual love, that love sincere,
Dwell not for ever with the sleeping dead ;
But nigh God's throne white robes of triumph wear,
And palms of victory in their hands they bear,
A mass of saints, so great as none can tell
Exulting evermore o'er sin, and death, and hell.

Salvation to our God—their happy strain—
All heaven's vast canopy with gladness rings—
Salvation to the Lamb, reseounds again
From voices tun'd to harps of golden strings ;
While myriad angels float on softest wings,
Shouting as light the jocund air they sever,
Wisdom, and power, and praise unto our God for ever.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For the acceptance of our prayers.

LET evil men tremble and quake,
For their stay is a treacherous reed ;
Let the hearts of the faithless ones break,
For despair is but justly their meed :
But they who in God's grace confide,
To no strokes of adversity bow ;
For still, Lord, whatever betide,
Their strength and their refuge art thou !

With pity thou markest our state,
To which by transgression we fell ;
And ready thy Spirit doth wait,
To assist our essays to do well :

Thus ever thy true church dispose
Devoutly to seek thee in prayer,
And lighten her manifold woes
With tokens of fatherly care.

We know not ourselves what we want,
Such knowledge belongs but to thee ;
What thou willest, good Lord only grant,
And blessed indeed shall we be ;
Then light of all care, and at ease,
In the primitive ways we will go ;
For a sense of thy love at once frees
The heart of all trouble below.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For deliverance from sin.

BEREFT of native innocence,
And galled with agonizing sense
Of many an evil deed;
Repentant to thy throne we fly,
And there, though all unworthily,
For mercy, Lord, we plead.

Accept good Lord, thy servants' tears,
Assuage those thousand harrowing fears
Our guilt struck hearts suggest;
Speak to them peace, and sweetly say,
That guiltiness is washed away,
Thou, conscience, let them rest.

Though thrall'd in closest bonds of sin,
Which nature frail had wrapt us in,
Ere yet we left the womb ;
Thy goodness, Lord, thus sets us free
From that degrading slavery,
And death's else lasting gloom.

Yes, heavenly Father, born anew,
Refreshed as flowers by morning dew,
Breathing a grateful scent ;
Our souls towards thee shall hourly rise
An everlasting sacrifice,
Once more deemed, innocent.

For sin shall never reign again,
Meekest contrition's soothing pain
Shall all its power overcome ;
And our redemption draweth nigh
When we shall leave it by and by
For ever in the tomb.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For fruitfulness in good works.

ALAS, good Lord, how slowly move
 Our bosoms to return thy love :
 Still after vanities, though we
 Are happy but in loving thee !
 Oh stir these drowsy hearts, inflame
 The souls of us, who bear thy name,
 Heavenlier affections evermore to feel,
 No fitful zeal,
 But sending forth such steady fervent rays,
 That our whole life with answering splendour blaze :
 And our example, bright with holy deed,
 Full many a wandering soul may lead

From his heart's idols low to bow before thee,
And with pure mind and saintly works adore thee !
So Lord, with happiest fruits our labours bless
Converting many unto righteousness ;
Oh then may we to crown that blest endeavour,
Life's dark course run
Rise like the Sun
And glitter as the stars of heaven for ever.

THE END.

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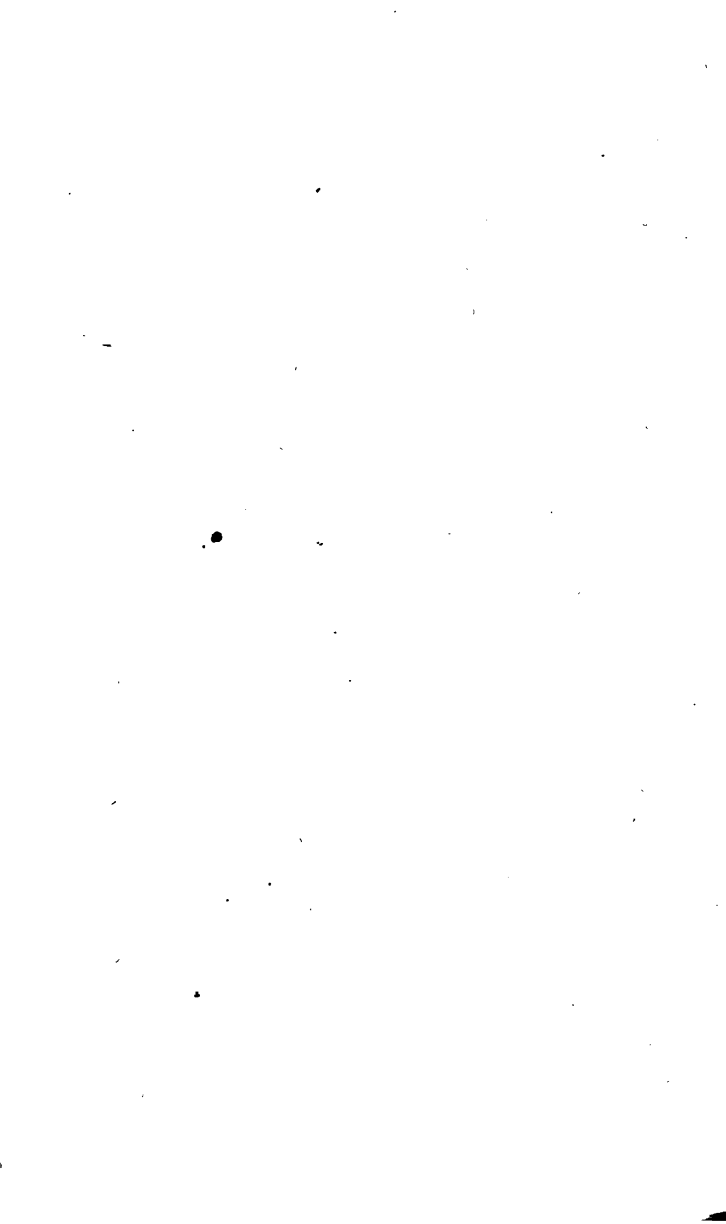
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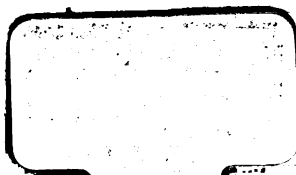
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